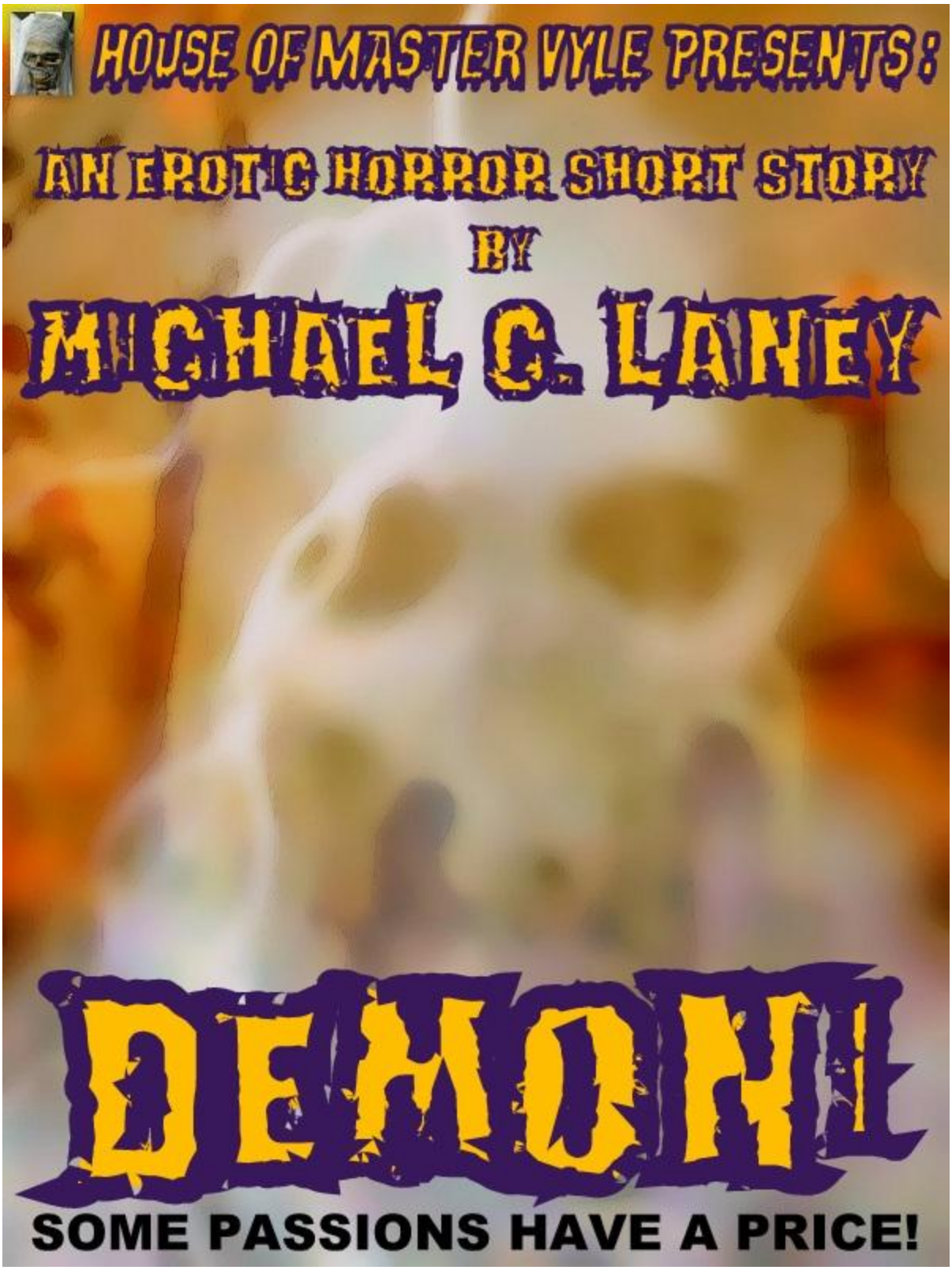
HOUSE OF MASTER VYLE PRESENTS:
AN EROTIC HORROR SHORT STORY
BY
MICHAEL C. LANEY
DEMON!
SOME PASSIONS HAVE A PRICE!

HOUSE OF MASTER VYLE PRESENTS:

# DEMON

AN EROTIC HORROR SHORT STORY

BY

## MICHAEL C. LANEY

# *Demoni*

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…And still again,
to Mr. Fear In Words himself,
Jason Darrick,
whose initial review
of this work backed up
what I've always preached
all along…
…There's always room
for improvement.

Thanks again Jason!

*"I knew I was gettin' a little tail, but I really didn't know that I was gonna be gettin' a little tail."* That was what Barry Sacchetti, the first guy Natasha Only had ever done it with, (the first guy other than her first stepfather at any rate), had said as soon as he had gotten her little Hello Kitty panties off. It was by no means anything romantic, and even with her limited experience Natasha knew it wasn't that great, and it never got any better as their senior year had progressed. It had made her slightly popular for a little bit with everyone else in the small goth-emo crowd at Lithia High School, which she knew by the standards of most was nothing, but to her it was a little something, being seen as the girl of the coolest of the outcasts.

Barry was an asshole though, too touchy feely with the back of his hand. Natasha had gotten her fair share of that at home throughout the years and made the decision she was not going to be her mother just after the senior prom. Barry had gotten her back for breaking up with him by telling everyone she had a tail, which earned laughter from everyone and had gotten her kicked out of the outcast class that had been her only refuge. She had gotten back at him a few weeks later by telling a group of jocks standing outside the gym and catcalling at her to show her tail by informing them that Barry had warts all over his balls. It was a lie, of course, but it had earned Barry the nickname of Nut Sack Sacchetti.

Of course Barry didn't like that either. One afternoon as she had walked down the long and empty dirt and clay road to her house Bobby Hovey's Jeep Cherokee had come flying past her. It had pulled to a stop a short distance in front of her and Barry had gotten out, followed by Bobby and their dimwitted friend Wilbur Macy.

"Hey, Tail Girl!" Barry yelled out as he flipped her off.

Natasha had let a mischievous smile touch her black lipstick painted lips. "Yo, Nut Sack!"

In hindsight she knew that she probably should have run, just run and not said anything back to taunt him. But she hadn't wanted to give him the pleasure of being able to add that she had ran to whatever story he was going to tell without it being a lie. He could move fast when he wanted to, and the slap against her cheek had been so hard that it had rocked her head back and caused pain to shoot down her spine and into her shoulders. Then his fingers had been tangled in her hair and there had been the feel of a cold and thin sliver of metal underneath her chin. "Start walkin' to the woods, bitch."

Natasha had moved, letting him guide her far enough into the woods, past moss covered live oaks and low and spiny palmettos to get in among the taller pine trees. Bobby and Wilbur had followed along, clomping through the palmettos and whispering and laughing to each other. Just before Barry brought her to a stop was the first time she had seen it. Beyond them the trees thinned out to a massive clearing. It was a clearing that was not really a clearing, however. Low and ivory looking headstones dotted the near horizon, the Old Lithia Cemetery. The abandoned graveyard wasn't their destination, however, and Barry stopped her in a slightly open sandy dirt area ringed with pines that reached up several stories into the air.

She didn't make a sound, neither a grunt nor a yelp as Barry let go of her hair, taking the blade from her neck and then shoving her to her knees. She just let her book bag and purse slide off her shoulders, feeling as her black tight clad legs sank in the cool salt and pepper colored dirt. Barry walked in front of her as his two friends stood out of sight behind her, conversing in hushed and excited whispers. Barry turned the knife slightly in his hand. On top there was a set of serrated ridges that pointed back toward the handle. It was just like a knife her father, her real father, had when she was a little girl. She remembered that he had called it his *Rambo knife* and that she was never supposed to touch it.

Natasha had to admit that Barry didn't look like much, but the knife made him much more imposing compared to what he would have been without a weapon. He hit, but of course she knew he hit like a girl. The look on his face was one of frustration, and not one of triumph or glee. His black hair was teased up and out like a Japanese punk rocker. A black and ratty looking Dag Nasty tank top covered a skinny frame, Natasha knew, countable ribs and a sunken chest were lying underneath.

Yeah, at that moment his knife and his friends were all he had going for him.

"This is where the fun starts," Barry said, his voice flat. "We'll see how much you want to talk after this."

First she had been forced to suck Wilbur off. Natasha found it was hard to feel anger toward him. Wilbur was really slow, probably a little more than mildly retarded. She wasn't sure if he could really gage right and wrong, and she knew he would do anything that anyone told him to do as long as they would like him. When he had come his face was such a mask of deep thought and bliss that Natasha had found it hard not to try and laugh as she swallowed.

Barry had taken her next. He told her to get on her hands and knees before using the Rambo knife to cut up the back of her frayed, black mini. He yanked it off and went to work at shredding her tights and her panties, then undid his jean shorts and got out of them so he could do his thing. Natasha had rolled her eyes in the back of her head as he panted and grunted over her. Just as she expected, he was as bad as always and thankfully brief.

She had a minute to relax, leaning her head down until her hair was brushing the dirt. Then Bobby said that he was ready. Natasha didn't look up or back to see him, but when she felt him slide his cock up inside her she knew that it wasn't as big as Barry's. The tears came then, even though she wanted to lean back and laugh, because so far Wilbur had the biggest cock she had ever seen. Bobby took twice as long as Barry and he had whooped and hollered, saying that she was *a good piece of tail*. Natasha had remained silent, watching as her vision cleared between each thrust. Occasionally she saw one of her tears hit the dirt and make a tiny crater.

When he was done both Barry and Bobby had encouraged Wilbur to *really* do it with her, *to really get him some Tail Girl tail*. He hadn't been able to get it up though. He had tried to get inside her, but his cock just wouldn't get hard enough, just the head was able to push between her pussy lips before sliding back out. Only once did he manage to get his flaccid and snaky cock into her hole, but as soon as he pulled back to thrust back in it had slid right back out on a coating of Barry and Bobby's sperm. In the end he had positioned himself up a little so that his

noodle limp shaft could rub against the crack of her ass and the nubbin of her tail. Barry and Bobby had laughed at him, really making fun of Wilbur by calling him a *limp dick* and a *retarded faggot*. Again Natasha felt sorry for him. Wilbur Macy was as much as a victim right then as she was.

Barry and Bobby had really tore into him as his orgasm had built. He had let out a long and goofy groan before spilling what felt like a teaspoon of sperm on her ass cheek. Once he was done Barry had told him to hold his pants up and walk around in front of her. "Wha'do you wan' me to do?" he asked.

Bobby had snickered loudly.

"Fuckin' teabag the bitch," Barry told him.

"You mean like on *Halo*?" Wilbur questioned.

Bobby laughed even more wildly. He grabbed at his stomach and doubled over.

"Yeah, man," Barry had cut his eyes toward Natasha and a slight grin crossed his face. "Just like on *Halo*. Bounce your balls off her nose two or three times."

Natasha had felt the muscles in her arms tense as she held herself up on her hands and knees. Wilbur had come forward, looking very goofy as he let his jeans drop just to his knees and stood with his legs spaced so they could not go down any further, with a hand and his chin he held the shirt he was wearing up slightly. Each time he dipped and let his warm and sticky balls touch her nose he counted off. Barry and Bobby were roaring with laughter. Natasha herself again found that she wanted to laugh because Wilbur sounded just like the owl on the old Tootsie Pop commercial as he counted off.

"Yeah, how you like them fuckin' nuts?" Barry had asked once Wilbur was through.

Natasha remained on her hands and knees, head not looking up but her eyes fixed on an opening in the trees and palmettos right ahead of her that revealed a pair of leaning headstones in the distance. The next thing she knew was she heard the pattering of water before a warm stream pelted her side and back. She closed her eyes as Barry aimed the stream, taking it across her neck and cheek before centering it on her nose. She kept her eyes closed tightly as the stream of water against her face intensified and then finally began to taper off. Once he was finished she remained still listening to Barry zip up as a heavy drop formed and hung on her nose. Her teeth chattered behind closed lips and her chest heaved as she finally let out a sob. The drop held on as the tears really began to come, but she refused to open her eyes.

"You're gonna keep your mouth shut now, huh, Tail Girl?"

Natasha's mouth had pulled tight and she had let out a loud and mournful cry before hard sobs shook her body. She hadn't wanted him to really see her cry either, but him pissing in her face had been just too much.

"Ain't'cha?!" Barry yelled.

Natasha squeezed her eyes more tightly shut and nodded. Then she had sobbed louder, sinking off her hands until her forehead touched the dirt.

"Come on," he finally said to the others.

Natasha had turned her face away from the sound of their feet. She let her weight down a little more, feeling her wet cheek press into the sandy dirt. Barry was saying something about running to the Stop And Go to get some cigarettes. One set of feet stopped right by her and she heard Wilbur whisper that he was sorry and that he didn't mean to hurt her feelings before moving on.

She laid, face in the dampened dirt and ass in the air and listened. She had heard them walking back through the woods, the crunch of dirt and snapping of twigs and cracking of palmetto fronds being brushed aside. She heard the sound of the Cherokee's engine starting up, even the crunch of the hard packed dirt and clay under the tires as it worked to turn around. The opening riff of Judas Priest's *'Breaking The Law'* echoed through the trees as the engine revved higher and the Cherokee sped down the road. Then there was silence for a moment, followed by the sound of a heavy set of wings beating. The silence returned, and in it Natasha had sobbed and sniffled. There was nothing else, not even a wind sound across her ear from a breeze. Then the sound of beating wings came again from above her.

At last she sighed, swallowing hard and composing herself. She worked herself into a sitting position, cool dirt pressing against her ass and feeling slightly abrasive as her weight pushed it between the valley of her ass crack and against her little lump of a tail. A quick glance to each side revealed that her back pack and her purse where she had let them drop. A little off she could see her skirt, the hem twisted in a way that it looked like a kindergartener's first attempt at making a W. Natasha drew her legs closer and looked down to see that her tights and panties were just tatters hanging around her knees. Before she stood up she ripped at her tights until there was just a little bit of each leg laying gathered at her ankles. Then she slipped her panties the rest of the way off and tossed them aside.

All of it was evidence, she knew, but who would believe her? Her mother wouldn't know what to do. The police would probably care less since she didn't live in one of the Fish Hawk developments or the other. All the little bitches at school would say she was making it up. Darrel, stepfather number three, would probably be the only one that would care or believe her. He was a good man, the only one who ever cared about or believed in her or her mother since her father had died.

*But why burden him?*

He had enough on his plate, doing the best he could to keep her mother straight.

No, it was best to leave it alone now. Natasha felt sure that Barry would get his someday.

The sound of beating wings came again.

Natasha let out a sigh and tried to smile to herself. On her face she could feel that it had come out one sided. She reached up and wiped away her trail of tears and some of the dirt from her face with the back side of her hand. Then she worked to stand up, and once she was on her feet she brushed her palms against each other to get the dirt off of them. Reaching back she brushed the sand off her ass. After she did she used the tips of her fingers to slowly feel up the crack of her ass until she felt the little bump of flesh above the beginning of her musty valley.

*"You're gonna keep your mouth shut now, huh, Tail Girl? Ain't'cha?"*

Natasha took the few steps that it took to reach her skirt and picked it up. She straightened it and then held it to her waist. Barry had cut all the way through the back with his Rambo knife. There was no way it was going to stay on, and Natasha knew that holding it on as she walked the rest of the way back to the house, a mile up the dirt and clay road, would be a useless gesture. Her mother and Darrel wouldn't be back from work for hours, and the houses on either side were both empty, so it was not like anyone was going to see her. *Even if they did, so what. No one would care.*

Resolved to walk home naked from the waist down Natasha turned and looked back toward the clearing beyond the trees that was the Old Lithia Cemetery, although she knew its name really didn't have "Old" in it, but whenever people talked about the place they added it in so everyone knew they were talking about the old and abandoned graveyard on the outskirts of town. She had always known that it was out there past the woods near the house Darrel had moved them into the summer before she started high school, but she had never actually been out there to see it. Barry and Carmen Driver and quite a few other people from Lithia High School's little goth-emo scene said they had been out there. They all said it was spooky and haunted, and there were a couple of stories about devil worshipers holding their Black Masses in the old graveyard, but Natasha had always thought it was a bunch of BS. She had always wanted to go out to the cemetery and check it out, but there had always been some excuse not to, even if she was only being lazy.

She dropped her ruined skirt to the ground and walked around the little open area in the pines. Stepping up to the space between the palmettos she had been looking thorough when she was on all fours she stopped and looked across the small plain. Past the palmettos she stood in front of she could just make out an overgrown path that lead to the graveyard. At a guess the old cemetery probably only had a hundred graves at the most. Most of the headstones looked like white teeth sticking out of the ground. They were bleached and thin marble markers for the most part, though there were a few crosses here and there as well as a couple of angel statues. Tall grass and weeds seem to cover the entire area, although it was devoid of any large trees. Not even a palmetto or rogue orange tree had taken root in the cemetery. Looking from one side to the next she could see that there were no mounds, instead the graves that went with the stones seemed sunken and slightly depressed, even with the grass and weeds that covered most of them.

Natasha felt a real chill suddenly go through her body. It was the angel statues, she knew. In her head she wondered if they would follow her once she turned her back on them, the way the Weeping Angels stalked their victims on *Doctor Who*. Again she cracked a slight smile, knowing that that idea was just silly.

From overhead came the sound of big and heavy wings beating again. Now spooked by the idea that the angels were the same kind of angels that the Doctor and River Song had been trapped by the previous Saturday night as *Doctor Who* had ended, she looked up toward the tops of the tall pines, wildly at first. Then she had slowly looked from tree to tree.

Finally she did let out a small laugh, lifting her right foot in a gesture of wanting to kick herself in the ass. Yeah, she was being silly now. Weeping Angels were as real as Cybermen or

Daleks. The only real monsters in the world were stepfathers and ex-boyfriends. Well, most stepfathers. At least Darrel was really a good person.

For a moment she considered going on, pushing between the palmetto fronds and walking into the Old Lithia Cemetery. Now more than ever she wanted to walk among the graves to read the names and the dates on the headstones. She might even be able to find the remnants of dried flowers someone had left behind long ago. There was a definite pull there, but she resisted. Now that she had actually seen it she knew she would come back someday. The fact that today was so shitty, she promised herself, would be her last excuse.

Natasha turned away from the old graveyard and walked back to where her purse and backpack sat. She stooped down and picked them up, slinging one over each shoulder once she rose back to her full height. Then she looked across the ground, first to her ruined panties and the black shreds from her tights, and then to the skirt. It would be okay. Graduation was just a month away. After that she would get a job at the Axis, or Superior HyperMart or Big Pride, and Barry would get some construction job, or work the night shift at the Stop And Go, or end up in jail, and she wouldn't have to worry about him bothering her again.

She took a last look around and slowly rubbed her bare knees together. Her inner thighs rubbed together too and she could just feel the hint of Barry and Bobby's spent sperm beginning to dribble out from between her pussy lips. At least the summer was getting started, a hot Florida summer. If a breeze did pick up it would be warm against her bare pussy, ass and tail as she made her way home.

The sound of beating wings came again.

Natasha slowly looked up in the direction that the sound had come from. Near the top of the closest pine tree was a shape, almost like a man sized shadow, clinging to the tree. For a brief instant she thought she saw yellow eyes, but she wasn't sure. Then something unfurled around the shape, twin black sheets of shadow that billowed and beat a couple of times before folding back onto the main shape.

She knew she should have been scared then, terrified, but she wasn't. There was something within her, something about the way her heart suddenly beat with a thick and heavy beat. Natasha felt that she had found something, someone. It was a kindred spirit. Of that she was sure.

Without any worry she had turned to face the direction of home and began walking back to the road. On the back of her neck she felt those yellow eyes she was sure she had seen boring into her. Natasha knew in her heart that the thing in the tree was not there to hurt her. In fact she knew it was there to protect her, help her. She walked on, not feeling self-conscious over the fact that she was naked from the waist down, or that she had sticky filth up her girl parts, and on her back and on her face. Natasha walked to the road and then in the direction of the house she shared with her mother and Darrel, focusing on getting there and taking a nice and warm shower.

Yes, Barry was going to get his someday. Of that she was certain.

Late in the night that night Natasha's eyes popped open. She shifted on her bed and then rolled over to face the window. There was thunder in the distance, followed by the sound of the wind blowing, rattling leaves, and a cracking from the walls of the house. Natasha's eyes were fixed on the window. Not too far away, maybe five feet from the house, was the inky shape of a broad chested man, dark wings stretched out on either side. Yellow eyes glowed, looking through the window and locking on Natasha's own. She watched intently as another shadow formed off the main shadow, a long and snaking appendage that twisted and curled, an arrow-like spear tipping it.

Thunder rolled again, and a bright flash of lighting from somewhere beyond the house illuminated the night. The flash revealed an empty yard, the chain-link fence that surrounded it, and the trees in the woods beyond.

A smile touched her lips. She knew someday she would see him again, although she didn't know when. She felt a sudden heat, burning warmth in the fleshy little nubbin of a tail beneath her sheets. After a while the warmth had spread to her front. Natasha shifted under her sheet and struggled to lift her night shirt underneath it without throwing it off. Then she scissored her legs until they were open and placed a hand between them.



The doctors had told her parents that Natasha had been born with what was called a vestigial tail. It was just a harmless and benign little lump of flesh that started at the base of her spine, a fleshy little knob that looked like a bunny or Smurf tail. There was no danger in leaving it, although some doctors had suggested that it be removed while she was young to prevent any embarrassment or hardships it might possibly cause her later in life.

It was all information she had gotten from her mother over time.

Her tail had never been removed. Her parents had been putting it off, waiting until before she started kindergarten. Then her father had died, and after that her mother had begun a long slide into bad things and even worse relationships.

The doctors had been right. The tail had caused embarrassment and hardship. She had been lucky enough to have a doctor who wrote a note that excused her from having to dress out and shower in physical education, which only met with a succession of contempt, failing PE grades and endless book reports on obscure sports from a succession of fat assed coaches. Before that there had been her first stepfather, Wade, *"Call me Daddy, you little cunt",* and he had taken a perverse joy in pinching, pulling on and twisting her tail, among other things. After that of course, had come Barry.

It was going to be okay now, though, because Natasha pretty much felt that today was going to be the day. She stood naked in front of her dresser mirror, and then looked back, twisting as far as she could to get a look at her tail. The little bit of flesh above her ass crack was

just as pale as the rest of her body. She thought hard, willing it to move, but it didn't. It was just flesh, skin, fat and arteries. It had never been meant to move.

But that was something that might be about to change.

Billy Idol was singing *'White Wedding'* from the corner of her dresser on an archaic boom box that was probably just as old as the song. Darrel had produced a big box when they had been moving into the house that contained the combination radio and cassette player, as well as dozens of old tapes. He had told her she was welcome to them if she had any interest, and if not he would get rid of them. Natasha had gladly accepted and decided to keep the old boom box because there were a lot of tapes she didn't have on CD; Ozzy, Metallica and Megadeth, as well as bands she had never heard of, and several tapes like the one in it now that Darrel had made up from songs he liked off several different tapes. Even though the sound wasn't as clear there was something she liked about that raw and retro feel it had. It was just like watching old monster movies that hadn't come out on DVD and Blu-ray yet, and the old *Doctor Who* episodes with Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker and Peter Davidson he had said he had taped when he was her age, on Darrel's old VCR.

Natasha squinted and leaned forward, getting closer to the mirror. The shade was drawn and she had the room illuminated by the light of dozens of candles and tea lights. There were some in holders, and a set in an old candelabrum she had picked up at the Goodwill, a few stuck in the top of old wine and liquor bottles, even several she had heated the bottoms of until they were melting until she stuck them to the top of the mirror's frame. There were clusters of tea lights covering the top of the dresser and her bed stand, as well as several others sitting here and there on the floor. She knew her mother would freak if she were to walk in and see all the burning candles, afraid she was going to start a fire, but Natasha had always stepped carefully and sprayed her hair only when she was in the bathroom. She picked up a vial of black gloss and began to paint her lips.

From the other end of the house she could hear Darrel yelling at her mother. It was okay, though. Whenever Darrel yelled at her mother it was because he cared about her, and not because he was being mean to her. Mom had been doing stuff she shouldn't lately. Darrel just wanted to help fix her.

"I think that you need to check back into the rehab," his voice came.

"I can't," her mother yelled, her voice angry. "There's no way we can afford it. We can't make it by if I take the time off either."

Natasha knew that Darrel wanted her to go to the expensive private clinic in Tampa, and not the cheap or free ones the county or state offered. She had been to those three times, and all three times it hadn't worked because someone always managed to sneak in drugs that they would offer to share with her if she would stay quiet about it.

Finished painting her lips she twisted the cap back on the bottle and sat it between a pair of tea lights in their little foil holders. She looked at her reflection, knowing it would look cooler if the sun was down, and only the paleness of her skin appeared in the reflection, backed by candlelight. She pursed her lips and reached up, lightly running her fingers through hair that was

dyed charcoal black. Then she looked at her pert little titties, more mounds of flesh that were topped with a set of nipples that seemed much to big on breasts that at 20 still only filled a training bra. Looking down she could count her own ribs, etched starkly under her skin. There was a glint off a faux diamond above her navel. Then past that her legs started below a patch of fluffy blonde down.

A smile curled her freshly painted lips. It didn't bother him that the carpet didn't match the drapes.

For a moment she thought she heard the beating of wings, but even as she cocked her head she was sure it was only her imagination.

"I can't do this!" her mother suddenly yelled, her voice turning shrill. "I'm worthless!"

"You are not worthless," came Darrel's voice. It was followed by a softer, "Maggie, Maggie."

Natasha knew that he was holding her now as she wept into his chest. It would be that way for a while. Then he would sit her mother down at the table and she would listen to him as he told her whatever his idea was, or how he was prepared to do whatever it took to help her get better. And he would do it, and he was willing to sacrifice anything, it wasn't just words and empty promises with him. Her mother though, it was so hard for her to commit.

Feeling sure that neither one would come to her room she opened her panty drawer and reached under a couple of sets. At the bottom of the drawer was a little sandwich bag that she had found a couple of months before under the driver's seat of her mother's car as she had helped her bring groceries in. Inside the bag had been a little bit of white powder. There had not been very much in it when she had snuck it into her room, and now there was even less, just enough for one last time.

Natasha opened the bag and dipped her finger inside. She scooped a bit into the black painted nail on her index finger, then brought it up and inhaled it through her left nostril. Then she repeated the action and snorted the second scoop up her other nostril. There was only a little bit left in the bag. She reached in and got as much as she could to stick to her middle and index fingers, then she stuck them in her mouth and ran them between her lips and gums, mimicking something she has seen her mother do several times when she had been little.

She wasn't sure if the powder was really drugs or not, but she was certain it wasn't flour or fine sugar either. It felt like a race car went through her head after a second, and the inside of her mouth felt like it was quivering. Again she looked to herself in the mirror and smiled. Then she took the bag, even though it was now pretty much empty, and returned it to the hiding place in her panty drawer.

There was a pause where everything went silent, excluding the hiss from the speakers between songs on the tape. Billy Idol was replaced with 45 Grave's *'Fucked By The Devil'*. Natasha's smile spread wider as she listened through to the chorus. There was a fluttering and beating of wings, and she turned to look at the shaded window to see the silhouette, his silhouette, on the other side. She didn't bother to run to the window and throw up the shade to

get a look at him. Natasha knew he would be gone. He loved to tease her, even from that very first night.

Without having to reach down she knew that her pussy was wet. She always got wet when he was near, even that first day, long before she had really seen him or let him touch her. She held her left arm out and turned it over to look at what he had carved into her forearm with a black taloned finger.

In her heart she knew it was his name, although he had not told her his name. He never told her anything. She raised her right arm out and turned it to see what he had carved into her other forearm.

She had seen it somewhere, read it somewhere. She was not sure if it was a demon name or not, but it sure sounded like one.

Natasha couldn't keep from herself anymore. She closed her eyes and reached between her legs, letting the tip of her finger play over her clit as she squatted down slightly and gently ground her hips. "Fucked by the Devil," she whispered to herself, out of sync with the song. She imagined that she could hear the beating of his wings and the strange and animal-like cry she sometimes heard in the dead of night.

"Ia! Ia! Saturnine, Lodi, Baphomet," she whispered as she strummed herself, almost wanting to giggle. They were words she had seen or heard before that she used to go along with the demon names he had put on her arms. Sometimes, when she was hot for him, it just sounded right to let them come out of her mouth. "Ia! Ia! Cthulhu fhtagn!"

She wanted him now. She wanted to feel his cock buried deep inside her. It just wasn't time yet.

Glancing over her shoulder she saw his silhouette on the window shade, wings unfurled, tail swinging back and forth. Again she tried to make her own tail move. It still refused, though it seemed to radiate the heat which matched the one in her pussy.

He would be waiting for her in a little while, she knew.

As the first hint of orgasmic tingling started to build Natasha closed her eyes. When she opened them and looked back to the window his shadow was gone.

*Just a little longer*, she thought to herself.

It was almost a year before she saw him again. Between graduation and seeing him again Natasha had begun playing with Kenny White. Kenny had moved next door about a month after the end of high school. Darrel didn't like him because he was one of those guys who wanted to be your good buddy and hang out all the time drinking beers. He had pretty much driven Kenny off after a couple of weeks, but that still hadn't stopped Natasha from getting to know him.

The beer came with no strings, but she had insisted on throwing herself at him because there was no one else that was interested, and at his age Kenny was definitely interested in scoring a little 19 year old pussy. It didn't seem to bother him that she had a tail, and she tried not to let the fact that he was well over 300 pounds and had a huge beer gut bother her. He had stringy black hair that he wore to his shoulders despite the fact that it had receded back to about his ears and a long beard that went down past his more than generous man titties to match. His penis was grossly out of proportion with the rest of his body, a loose foreskin barely covering a sick pink head and that gave the overall impression of some kind of pale and white grub worm hanging out from under his overhanging gut.

Still, he had a big tongue and he knew how to use it. In fact Kenny could use a tongue better than Barry could use a cock. She really got off on riding his face, and as she did she would do her best to suck him off as she tried to work around and under his belly. He got really sweaty and smelly down there, and his cum tasted tart and most of the time made her want to gag as she forced herself to swallow it. After that was done, though, she would lean back and let him work his magic, his long tongue snaking into her slit and bumping up against her clit until she came hard on his face.

Occasionally he gave her money. He always would say, *Here take this so you can get yourself 'this' or 'that'.* She had always taken it, because when he gave her a specific thing she should get for herself it didn't feel as if he was giving her the money for sex. As the next summer began he had given her money for the last time. *"Here, take this so you can get yourself an abortion."*

Natasha had taken the money and done just that, though she was fifty dollars short. The day she had it done she had heard the beating of wings as she had left the clinic. That night she saw him for a split second as he stood at her window.



Natasha had dressed, putting on a pair of thin black shorts, one of Darrel's hand-me-down Slayer t-shirts, and a short denim jacket which had seen better days. She hadn't bothered with a bra or panties, nor shoes or socks. Truth be told she would have forgone wearing anything at all if she could have been sure that no one would see her. Even for Florida October, even considering the lightness of the recent chill in the air, her outfit was not enough. But then

again, for someone willing to make the trip of just over a mile from the house to the Old Lithia Cemetery in the nude, it was too much.

Darrel had come to the door just as she had blown out the last of the candles. He had kind of peeked in, and there was a curious look on his face, but he didn't bother to ask about the smell of burnt wax, or the little curls of smoke that still drifted here and there. He hadn't knocked, just come in. Darrel was such a good man. He was the only one who would allow her to lock her door, yet she didn't because she knew she had nothing to fear from him. He told her that they were going to run to McDonald's and down to the Superior to pick up a few things. He asked if she wanted to come along.

"No thanks," she told him. "I was thinking about going for a walk."

Darrel nodded and told her that they would see her later.

Natasha knew it was better not to go along, even if she hadn't had other plans. She felt pretty sure that he would want to talk to her mother more, to convince her that she really needed to get into a rehab, no matter what it took. She also knew that her mother would clam up and refuse to talk about anything if she was there. Somewhere along the line she had become ashamed to admit she had any kind of problem, even though she knew that Natasha had seen her do too much.

She gave them a few minutes to go down the road before she had come out of her room. For a moment she stood and listened just outside her own bedroom door to the silence of the house, its only sounds static noise from the refrigerator and central air running, the vents rattling and popping as light heat blew through the house. Then she went to the kitchen, heading straight for the counter. Beside the microwave sat a metal bread box that her mother had taken from her grandma's house after she had died. She opened the door and reached in, moving a loaf of bread and a just past its sale date pack of hot dog buns. Behind them she found the bottle of Wild Turkey that her mother kept hidden there, as if she really believed that she and Darrel did not know it was there.

Natasha opened the cabinet above and took out a juice glass with Garfield the cat paddling a canoe on it. She filled it a quarter of the way with the dark liquid, then replaced the bottle where it had been hidden. Just like the little bag she had found in the car she knew that her mother would not miss it, and in fact she probably would not notice it if the whole bottle disappeared, unless she was already high and desperate to have just a little something else.

She downed the bourbon in two swallows, the Dirty Bird just another little pre-treat she was giving herself that day. It was a day he was wanting her, calling her to him. They were getting closer and closer now. Not only that she was sure today was a special day, *THE DAY*.

Outside and from above the roof came the sounds of big and leathery wings beating the air.

A huge smile twisted its way across Natasha's lips.

Natasha had begun to visit the old cemetery a few days after Barry had gotten back at her. At first she went daily, but after a couple of months that tapered off just a little bit. She would visit every week when she had the time, but most often she went every other week, and only rarely would stay away longer, but when she did she never stayed away for more than a month at a time.

Many days she would make the journey with a small pail of water mixed with dish washing liquid and a sponge. She would randomly go from one area to the next, picking out a headstone and giving it a scrubbing to make it shine up, even if the shine only lasted until the sun dried the stone. Sometimes she would drive down; leaving the car off on the shoulder so she could take Darrel's gas powered weed eater along with her and clear away the weeds. Sometimes she would take flowers, either ones she picked growing wild or fake ones from the craft department of the Superior, and place them on graves that looked as if they had familiar names on them.

In between that day she had first seen it and when she had "broken up" with Kenny White all her trips had been solo and solitary ventures. There had always been the hope though. She would walk through the old graveyard and read the stones and tend the graves, and always in the back of her mind she waited to hear the beating of his wings, hoping to turn and see him behind her. She often imagined that he would take her off to wherever it was he went. She wanted to go to another world and be his, because she knew he would watch over her, take care of her and protect her, the same way Darrel did with her and her mother.

Of course she knew that he would offer her more, so much more beyond her fantasies that would never become real.

For a long time, in between that first day and the night he had come to her after the abortion, especially after she had begun playing with Kenny, she had dreamed of being with Darrel. She felt guilty sometimes about her fantasies, even ashamed, and not because she thought of doing things with Darrel, but because it always happened because her mother would die. Natasha dreamed and fantasized about her mother getting into an accident, or having an overdose, or getting shot up while going someplace in a bad part of a bad town to get drugs. She would be gone, and there would be a funeral. Then the night after the funeral she would go to their room and get into bed with Darrel, and he would be sad and scared, and he wouldn't want to at first, but she would kiss him and they would keep kissing and holding each other until they finally made love. Then, after a little while he would ask her to get married. She would say yes, and they would, and they would start a family, and the first little girl would be named Maggie in honor of her mother.

Natasha kind of loved the idea of being Darrel's wife, but she also felt very guilty over thinking about something bad happening to her mother so that it could happen.

Still, if anything did happen she would want her mother in a nice and quiet place. Yes, somewhere close so that she and Darrel and little Maggie could go someday and commune with her, and no one else would bother them.

That fall Natasha had walked down to the Old Lithia Cemetery with a shovel. She had already cleared out a spot that was not too far from the end of the little path that connected the edge of the woods with the cemetery. Just at the edge of where the palmettos started to grow she had dug a hole. It was diagonal to the graves in the cemetery, the spot Natasha thought of as where the headstone would sit facing into it instead of facing the woods like all the others. It was a pretty little spot, and she felt that her mother would like it because it was much more beautiful than the life she had lead since her father had died.

She would never do anything to hurt her, but she wanted there to be a pretty place ready for her mother to rest, just in case.

-7-

There was a chilly breeze blowing as Natasha left the house and began walking down the road. The whole world looked overcast and gray, and other than the sound of the wind across her ears the rest of the world was silent with the exception of the chain-link fence stretching against itself in the gust and the rattling of dry leaves in the trees and blowing across the ground. The world seemed especially empty. She glanced toward Kenny's house as she passed it, but saw no sign that he was out and about.

Of course there was nothing unusual about there being an empty feeling in their little area in the world. It was always quiet, just far enough from town and rowdy neighbors so that they barely heard anything outside the house that was not natural. Except of course the occasional screeching roar in the dead of night. No one else ever said they heard those though, and Natasha felt they were meant for her ears only.

She walked on, letting the houses drop out of sight, and trying to listen for the sound of beating wings over the noises caused by the wind.

-8-

Later, on the night that Natasha had the abortion, someone had broken into the clinic where it had been done. On the news and in the papers it had said that whatever group had done it had vandalized the clinic, doing hundreds of thousands of dollars in damage. Cryptically, a couple of TV reporters were sure to say that whoever had broken into the clinic had taken some biohazardous materials. In the pit of her stomach she had felt sad as she wondered what exactly that meant. She had an idea, but it wasn't one that she really wanted to think about.

The whole rest of the week she had been scheduled to work the afternoon shift at the Superior. Each night she had begun to feel the pull of the old cemetery. She also noticed that every time she went near a window at home, or got in and out of a car wherever she was, that she found she was listening, hoping to hear the beat of wings.

Saturday was her first day off, and she had woken up early. Her mother and Darrel were already out, so she had quickly dressed, and then had a big bowl of Lucky Charms before

slipping a pair of shoes on and walking down to the cemetery. There was dew all over the ground, and a slight and misty fog had hung in the air. It had been just enough to obscure her view of Kenny's house, for which she had been thankful.

Her journey was uneventful as it pretty much always was. By the time she entered the woods the veil of fog began to lift, and dew from the grass on the side of the road had thoroughly soaked the shoes she was wearing, as well as her socks. It had warmed enough that the morning chill was replaced with a crisp coolness, and as the mist cleared it left the world looking extra bright and starkly defined, one of those times when the effect made everything in the world look brand new.

Once Natasha had made her way down the path to the graveyard she had been in for a shock though. She turned toward the little area she had made for her mother right as she got off the path, which had become a habit, and found that the grave had been filled in. Her breath had caught, and she had put a hand over her chest as she saw that an intricately woven wreath of various wild flowers that had been placed on top of what was now a freshly made mound. There was a small headstone, placed where she had always imagined that a headstone would go. Natasha could tell it was an old stone from somewhere else in the cemetery that had been placed so the back was facing the grave. She let out a shaky breath and sobbed out loudly as read the name which had been crudely etched into, what was now meant to be the front of, the stone.

Natasha took another shaky breath, her chest heaving as she felt the tears beginning to spill from her eyes. Instantly in her heart she knew it was a girl, a little girl like she fantasized about having with Darrel someday. She let out a loud and mournful sob as larger tears formed and rolled down her face. Baby Only. Her little girl didn't even have a name. She realized that she had never really taken the time to think anything of her. She had merely done what Kenny had said to do so that it would all be taken care of.

"Baby," she found herself suddenly crying. "My little baby."

Then came the sound of beating wings. First from above, and then right beside her.

Swallowing her tears Natasha had turned to really look at him for the first time. He did look like a man, for the most part. He had huge and muscular arms, a broad chest, and a well defined set of abs, as well as strong legs that seemed to bulge with muscles. His skin, though, was a dark shade of red, and the eyes were yellow, little rectangles of black pupil within them which looked dead, as if they could see nothing at all. His hair fell just to his shoulders, as dark and charcoal black as anything she had ever found in a bottle. He had a face that was so

handsome, everything in perfect proportion once you got past the eyes, and the inch of curved tusk that was peeking out from each of the bottom corners of his mouth. Then of course there had been the pair of onyx horns curving out from above each temple. Down below he was exceptionally gifted, long and wide, the head tucked somewhere deep in a foreskin with a tight and Y-shaped opening at the end. Huge wings flapped twice, leather appendages that were clearly filled with long and inversely placed finger bones of a second set of arms sprouting somewhere unseen from beneath his shoulder blades. As the wings folded themselves slightly around his arms, acting like a blanket or a cape, his tail had suddenly shot into view.

In that first moment it was the tail that Natasha had grown fascinated with, as if it were a lure like an abysmal fish used to draw in its prey. Of everything she had fantasized about him it had been his tail that she had dreamed about the most. She quickly judged that it was at least five feet long, and probably just a little bigger around than a mop handle. Still, it looked strong and muscular like the rest of him. It was tipped by a flat and diamond shaped barb that looked very dangerous, and she could tell it was used for stabbing if he needed it and not for stinging.

As she took the sight of his tail in Natasha felt envious. Suddenly she was aware of a warmth spreading through her own little tail, and up front too, despite the fact that sex should have been the farthest thing from her mind.

He reeked of it though. She could smell a strong and sulfurous musk coming off him that seemed to hook her right in each nostril as if it wanted to pull her toward him. For his part he only stood and looked at her with those dead eyes that would look more at home in the head of a sheep or a goat. Suddenly Natasha found herself feeling that he was holding back, reigning in his own smell, which she was sure existed for no other purpose than to attract her to him.

"You did this?" she finally questioned.

He lowered his head slightly. It was not a nod, or a word, or an explanation, but it was all that she needed to know.

"Thank you," she cried, her voice a squeak as her lips suddenly quivered and heavy tears began to flow again.

She turned to look back on her daughter's, Baby Only's, grave and silently wept. She didn't move as she heard him stepping toward her. She drew in a shaky breath and sobbed loudly as his strong arms went around her, crying for a baby she had been too careless to think of loving, and for the loss of her final bit of innocence. His wings circled her, shrouding her, keeping her safe in a warmth hotter than any human body could possibly radiate. Her tears dripped onto his wings. Then he had wrapped his tail around her, using that to hold her and embrace her as well.

Natasha wished that the moment could last forever. She wished that he would take her away.

They had not done anything on the day she had discovered that he had made a grave for her nameless child. Instead they had walked among the rows of headstones, him gently taking her small hand in his huge one tipped with curved and black talons. She had talked to him, told him of all those bad things in her life, and then about music and movies and how she always wanted a black cat, and what a good man Darrel was. He listened, occasionally giving a half-nod, but never speaking a single word back to her.

Natasha knew that he understood. That was all that mattered. He understood what she was saying, and he understood everything she felt. They were kindred spirits. She knew he had come to take care of her, as surely as Darrel had been sent to take care of her mother. That was all that mattered.

-10-

Halfway to her destination Natasha paused on the side of the road and reached into the breast pocket of the jacket. She pulled out a pack of Lucky Strike and then dug one out of the foil pack. She shielded it as best she could after she dug back into the jacket and found a lighter. As she drew in that first drag of strong tobacco smoke she sighed.

The breeze picked up to a gust and she shivered. Down below she was freezing, the crotch of the shorts she was wearing was already drenched due to her anticipation.

Natasha allowed herself to smile. It wouldn't be too much longer before she was far from being anything close to cold.

She looked into the sky, slightly cocking her head. There was still no sign of him since she had left the house, but she knew he would be waiting for her at the cemetery, as he always did. She considered his last visit, just like one he had given her before one night as he had stood outside the window in the dead of night to give her silent instruction.

Her smile broadened. Yes, she knew what it meant, more clearly than she had that first time.

Barry was about to get his. Sometime very soon!

-11-

He had come to stand outside her window one night, a few weeks after she had given herself to him for the first time. His demonic call had heralded his arrival, a sound she had been dying to hear since their first encounter, when she had learned the pleasures of his massive cock and his impossibly long tongue.

Secretly she had been hoping for him to take her away, but something also told her that his visits outside her window would never mean that. As time passed she became more and more certain of this, as he never came and beaconed her to him in the night. He always took her in the light of day, and always among the old graves that were long forgotten by anyone other than the two of them.

Natasha had sat up slightly and gazed out to him as he stood in the moonlight. In his hand he held up what appeared to be a long stick. As her eyes became more adjusted to the dark she could make out a broad and flat end on the shaft as he raised it slightly. He was holding a shovel.

She felt herself smile, having only the faintest idea of what he expected her to do.

-12-

Natasha pitched the last little bit of her cigarette into the road before she turned and stepped off the shoulder to head into the woods. There was a chill in her spine now as stiff and pointed palmetto fronds brushed against her bare legs. She knew better than to expect him to meet her in the woods. Again he never met her halfway, always in the cemetery.

Brushing past a lonely orange tree that had sometime long ago taken root at the edge of the woods and was just starting to bear its sweet fruit she hummed slightly to herself. Then feeling a new lightness in her head and heart she sang out as she walked among the trees.

"There's a light in the window of the old Freudstein Place. Don't go to the door or Doctor Jakob will eat your face. If you want to stay a member of the human race. You better keep running and don't slow your pace."

Natasha paused in her trek, giggling and hugging herself. Her high state of excitement and arousal was leading to a case of giddiness.

"Ia! Ia! Cthulhu fhtagn! Ia! Ia! Lodi fhtagn!"

She smiled broadly and laughed loudly. There was a pleasant, yet needy, tingle in her tail, her nipples, the tight little bud of her ass, and deep inside her pussy.

-13-

The afternoon after he had appeared at her window with the shovel Natasha had gotten home from work and found it leaning against the side of her house outside of her bedroom. Without bothering to go inside and change she had picked it up, and then walked to the road, bypassing the car, heading to the cemetery. Once she was there she had walked among the headstones until she found what was an unmarked, and she was sure never used, plot. There she had dug.

It hadn't taken all that long. In fact it felt as if it had taken much less time than it had to dig the grave which would eventually hold the baby, her own baby, murdered by Kenny's instruction and her own thoughtlessness.

She looked over her handiwork, feeling satisfied and happy, although she was not quite sure why. Perhaps just because it was what he wanted. It would make him happy. Then he would make her happy.

Her hair was plastered around her face. Sweat beaded on her forehead and under her armpits and in the bends of her legs. Looking back into the hole and at the freshly turned mound

of earth beside it she realized she was wet, her body alive and tingling. Her tail felt as if it were a burning hot coal at the base of her spine. Her nipples were so hard they felt almost like someone was trying to rip them off.

Natasha stood and waited, listening for the beating of his wings.

She didn't hear the sound, or get any other indication that he was coming to her again, or anywhere near. As the sky grew dusky she had taken the shovel, placing it on her shoulder and letting the rough wood of the handle rest on the polyester fabric of the Superior HyperMart smock that she had still not bothered to take off. Then she turned away from the new grave and headed back towards the woods to begin her journey home, knowing that he would let her know when the time was right.

-14-

There had been no visit at the window, just his cry a little past midnight a few nights later. Natasha knew that it was him, and she also knew what it meant. He wanted her to come to him again, and that was all that mattered.

Of course she also knew that she was not meant to go to him right then. She had gotten out of bed and peeled off her nightshirt, for a long time just standing naked in the darkness of her room and feeling every little erogenous spot on her body coming to life, as well as her tail. She closed her eyes, feeling them roll back behind her eyelids as she squatted down slightly where she stood. Then she reached down, almost tentatively, and ran the tip of her finger under her clitoral hood to tease the little bit of wet flesh it concealed. Natasha let out a gasp, shivering and jerking as her finger glided over just the right spot on her clit, sending an electric jolt from her pussy to her nipples that again made them feel as if someone was trying to rip them off.

Natasha cried out, her eyes popping open as a cold sweat broke from what felt like every pore on her body. She took her hand away and straightened herself. Then she had went to her dresser and opened the top middle drawer, her junk and cheap jewelry drawer, and felt around until she found the grill lighter she kept inside. For the next couple of minutes she went around her room, stopping and pausing and clicking, until she had lit all of her candles.

Finished, she put the lighter back in the drawer, then took the lid off one of the hard plastic cassette cases that held Darrel's old tapes. She squinted in the candlelight, occasionally pulling one out so she could examine the index on one of the individual tape cases. Once she found the one she wanted, one of the ones that Darrel had made of a bunch of songs from different tapes, she took it from its case, then exchanged it with the one in the old boom box's cassette deck.

Natasha pressed PLAY and gave a satisfied smile as she heard the hiss of dead air on the tape along with the barely audible squeak the reels made as they turned the tape and pulled it along. Luckily the tape was just where she wanted it to be, rewound to the right side. Guitars were strummed over the speakers as Kiss began to play *'She'* with Gene Simmons doing the lead

vocals. The tape was one of Natasha's favorites, and Darrel had obviously had a theme of women or females in mind when he had made it.

She got back into bed, laying flat on her back across the mattress. Then she raised her knees up, sliding her feet back. Natasha then reached across her chest and hugged her breasts to her body with her left arm as she worked her right hand past her belly and opened her legs wider. Natasha closed her eyes and sighed, first turning her wrist at an angle so that she could drive a pair of fingers up her slick hole before pulling them back to rub them over her clit.

Natasha imagined him there. She imagined what it would feel like for him to take her on her back, which he had yet to do. It was always on her hands and knees, in the grass and ass high in the air as he pounded her insides deeply as he snorted and grunted like a wild animal. Just thinking of being taken by him from behind was hot and almost enough to push her climax. However she also imagined how hot it would be for him to fuck her face to face. She longed to kiss his broad chest, to lovingly stroke his cheek, to look into those yellow eyes and reach up to run the tips of her fingers along the curve of one of his horns. She imagined seeing the look of wild lust and demonic passion on his face as he drove his cock as deeply as he could inside her.

"Oooh-oh," she gasped. The thought was almost enough to drive her over the edge. She pulled back slightly, concentrating on not coming and working to break the rhythm she had been strumming her clit with.

Still, a spark that made her insides quiver went from her tail, to her clit, up her stomach and finally to her nipples.

"God," She breathed. She thrashed her head. Her hair was already wringing wet, as if she had stuck it under a running shower.

His face loomed over her in her mind. Lips drawn back to reveal a bit more tusk, as well as a set of sharp teeth. His yellow and dead sheep eyes held her, revealing there was more life and intelligence behind them than anyone who did not know him would realize. His dark and polished looking horns crowned his head as the silhouette of his wings and tail rose behind him.

*No, not God.*

*Maybe not God*.

"Ia! Ia!" she panted, taking in a sharp breath. "Cthulhu fhtagn! Baphomet fhtagn!"

*Demon words?*

*Fuck words?*

It didn't matter. Sweat felt as if it was leaking and dribbling from every pore above her upper lip, as well as in the bends of her knees. She moved her knees, feeling skin rub against skin on a sheen of slick lubrication. Then she flicked her tongue up, the little pink barbell pierced through it clicking against the enamel of her teeth as she licked away at her own salty sweat.

"Ia!" she gasped as soon as she had her tongue back in her mouth. Her clit throbbed and pulsed against the side of her middle finger as she drew her hand up. It felt as if someone had put a hook through it and then gave a hard yank. Then a sweet but dull ache went through her tail and her nipples. "Ia!"

Natasha was so caught up in her fantasizing and self-play that she had missed the changing of one song to the next. Once she realized that Kiss had been replaced by Danzig's *'Her Black Wings'* she felt her need for release become suddenly more urgent. She moved her hand and rubbed back down, the erect nubbin of her clit brushed on each side by her index and middle fingers. She gasped and twisted slightly as Glenn Danzig crooned from the dresser in dark and Morrisonesque tones. An itchy sweat broke out on her neck as she rolled her head from side to side before arching her back, slightly raising her ass off the mattress as she pushed against it with her feet.

*No, it wouldn't be black wings, like in the song. They would be red wings. Yes, red wings, just like his*. She twisted and rolled one shoulder against the top sheet, and then the other as she let out a ragged breath. "Ia!"

She could see them in her mind, those leathery red appendages that looked so thin, bones and veins imposed starkly just under the skin, yet still so strong. He cradled her in those hot wings, holding her in an embrace. And she would do the same one day, when he finally took her to the hidden place he went and she became like him. He had never promised it, never said that it would happen because he never said anything, but Natasha knew it would happen. She understood that he was going to make her like him, truly his mate, just as she knew he understood all the things that she told him.

They were kindred spirits. They belonged together.

Natasha believed more than anything that he was going to take her into his world. She would grow a set of big red wings, just like his. And she would grow a tail, like his.

*A real tail.*

*A true tail.*

Her imagination and fantasizing quickly shifted from one thing to another as she rubbed harder and faster. Kneeling for him and letting him take her on the grassy ground between the tombstones. Laying on her back on her bed as he pounded himself inside her so she could glance down and watch as his enormous cock stretched her pussy lips out every time he pulled back to ram it home. Pulling back the foreskin off his cock that first time she sucked him to reveal a dark head that looked and glistened like a peeled black grape covered in sticky white goo. She saw herself resting her cheek against a burning hot scrotum that held testicles larger than grapefruits as his tail rubbed along her spine after that first time.

"Ia! Lodi! Ia! Ia! Ia!" she finally cried, unable to hold back any longer. Her orgasm hit with the force of a train wreck, a sensation heightened by her arching her back as far as she could while pushing her bottom as high as she could while again pushing her feet against her mattress, then letting her body drop down onto her bed by letting everything relax after only a split second. She twisted in her sheets, moaning and writhing, her fingers still furiously strumming her clit until another orgasmic jolt rocked her insides and syrupy liquid dribbled from her pussy, seeping out of the lips.

Natasha took her hand away as her orgasm subsided. She continued to twist and writhe, the electric fires still tingling in her clit and her nipples, as well as her little tail. Her hands went

out, fingers flexing and grabbing at the sheet on top of her bed. She rolled back and forth, moaning slightly. Then as *'Her Black Wings'* began to wind down she pulled the sheet around her, wrapping it around her bare shoulders and holding it close there as she twisted harder, slightly bending and straightening her knees.

*Red wings, wrapped around me.*

She wished her tail was big enough to wrap around her body as well.

A tail of her own, that she could wrap around herself. And maybe, once she could control it, she could use to tickle herself with, maybe even drive deeply into her own pussy like a cock. Natasha closed her eyes and sighed. Maybe have her tail and his cock inside her at the same time.

Suddenly panting she let out a breath and a moan. In her head she had the image of him fucking her with his cock and tail at the same time. The idea had never occurred to her in all the fantasies leading up to and then after their first encounter, and it was enough to make her have a little, touchless, orgasm as she twisted in her bed sheet wings. "Ia! Lodi! Ia! Baphomet fhtagn," she whispered as the sensation went from an intense jolt to a dull throb in her tail and private parts.

*'Her Black Wings'* changed to another song named *'She'* by the Misfits, which also had Glenn Danzig doing the lead vocals. The spell was broken and Natasha found herself looking into the shifting shadows on her bedroom ceiling caused by the flickering of dozens of candles.

There was throb in each arm where he had etched those words, the demon names, gently but deeply into her forearms after the first time he had taken her. Natasha moved her arms under the sheet so they could rub against the fabric. They had finally begun to scar over, but they still itched.

Again her eyes locked onto the ever changing shadows on her ceiling. She imagined falling up to it, growing closer and closer. But no, she wasn't falling. She was flying. She spread her wings, feeling a hot breeze blow across her face and her glorious nakedness, wings catching a hot updraft as her beautiful tail acted as a rudder to help her turn to follow him as he glided through an orange and yellow sky filled with a mixture of heavy dark clouds and black smoke.

In her mind's eyes she saw it so clearly. She looked down to see her shadow speed over rivers of boiling red and burning fire. Jagged mountains rumbled and shook, belching fire and lava, each caldera alive, plume upon plume of smoke billowing into the sky.

He silently beaconed her on. He lead and she followed. Looking down below Natasha could see screaming faces appear and then become swallowed back up in the river of lava. Some only appeared long enough to be recognized as a face. Others lingered, agonized torment etching themselves onto the faces before they were pulled back down to be drowned in the river of fire.

It was his world, even if it was only in her imagination. He would take her there someday so she could be free, so she could be like him. He would love her, and take care of her, and never hurt her. And that was all that mattered.

He suddenly flew higher, then dove, twisted and turned before coming to rest on a craggy ledge jutting from a cliff that rose high above the river. There was an opening directly behind him. And off to the side hung a pair of black chains that were bolted somehow into the cliff face, each one ending in a broad wrist shackle. He held something up in one hand, a broad looking ring of metal that looked big enough to go around someone's neck. With his other hand he beaconed her closer.

Natasha reached up and touched her neck, a chilly shiver going through her body despite the heat rising from the world of molten heat and fire she flew above. *I'm coming*, she though, turning to glide to where he stood. She knew she didn't have to open her mouth. All she had to do was think it. *I'm coming*.

Then she was suddenly looking at her ceiling again, her sheet pulled around her shoulders and breasts. The rest of her body felt cold with the exception of her tail and a slight afterglow of an ember that still burned in the pit of her clit. "I'm coming."

After a moment she closed her eyes, quickly falling into a dreamless doze as the tape played on. She knew the sun would be up soon, and indeed as the first rays of right broke the horizon Natasha had woken up and gotten dressed. He would be waiting for her, and she was coming.

-15-

Her mother and Darrel had yet to wake up and get ready to work that morning, so she had been able to leave without saying that she was going out for one of her walks. She was excited, knowing that he would be waiting for her, and still aroused from her play session and fantasies of the night before. These things had propelled her along, making her move faster.

As she entered the woods Natasha thought of stripping as she moved toward her destination. In her mind she could see herself walking along, shedding a piece of clothing and placing it on a palmetto frond or low hanging branch as she passed by. Stripping to nothing and leaving a trail of clothes behind her without slowing her pace. She could almost imagine him rushing to her as soon as she entered the clearing by Baby's grave. She even shivered as she imagined him wrapping her in his wings and then lowering her to the ground on the spot. He would take her, make hot and hard love to her face to face for the first time, and she would hold him, kissing his lips and cheek as they came together in the glorious kind of orgasm that only true lovers and those truly in love can share.

Drawing closer to the graveyard, however, Natasha was overcome with a slight sense of unease. Her horny and sexy thoughts abated to just a barely noticeable throb in her most sensitive spots, and she found herself feeling that it was good that she had not given in to her impulse to strip as she walked. She had listened intently, to see if she could hear the beating of his wings from above her. She did not hear anything, yet she was certain that he had already reached the cemetery ahead of her.

Natasha quickened her pace as she stepped into the clearing and made her way to the path that lead the rest of the way to the Old Lithia Cemetery. She passed between the palmettos and up the path, her heart feeling as if it were swelling bigger because she knew that he was going to be waiting for her. As she crossed into the cemetery itself she saw him a little way away from her. He was at the grave she had dug, just as she had almost expected to find him, but even at the distance she was she could still see the mound of earth she had turned up sitting beside it. His wings were spread wide, and he was stamping and stomping at the ground, his heel kicking something backward into the open grave. He held an odd shaped object in one hand that looked slightly round, and swung violently back and forth as he stamped and kicked at the edge of the grave.

Taking in a breath Natasha quickened her pace even more, jogging between the rows to get to where he stood. All her sweet spots came alive once again, her nipples aching beneath the fabric of her bra as her clit throbbed within its protective little folds and a frothy bit of cream dampened her panties. As she reached him though, and as he turned toward her to present the object in his grasp, all those sensations died almost instantly. She stopped, just a couple of feet from where he stood, and as she realized what he was holding it felt as if she suddenly had ice cold water running throughout her body.

He held his taloned hand out toward her, the arm it was attached to taut so that his muscles bulged and the veins under the skin popped out. The object in his grasp was a human head, swinging back and forth as he held it up by long and dirty looking brown hair. The mouth was stretched open in a fixed scream, the corners of that mouth slightly ripped and the teeth within stained red with blood. From jagged flaps of bloodied skin that had attached the neck to the body dangled a network of bloodied cords and hoses of veins and arteries, strips of muscle and a single vertebrae that looked as if it were barely clinging on to the nerves and vessels it was attached to hung and swung below the shreds of flesh.

Natasha covered her mouth, letting out a gasp and a squeak as she looked into the dead green eyes that were fixed in wide open fear, pain and anguish. They were eyes she knew. Eyes she had lived every day hoping never to see again.

*Call me Daddy, you little cunt!*

She shook slightly, hearing him gasp and rasp.

*Yeah, you show Daddy how much you love him.*

Her entire body trembling Natasha looked past Wade's severed head to see that he was pointing back toward the grave with his other hand. She followed the line of his arm, and then the line of his finger. A tombstone sat at the head of the grave now. Her eyes widened as she read the words he had etched into this newly recycled stone.

# Asshole

# Child Molester Wade

Natasha felt a hitch in her chest. Then she sobbed out. She wasn't quite sure why, because at that moment, for the first time since she was six years old, she felt relief. But still, her lips quivered and she gently cried out, a few tears spilling from her eyes and running down her cheeks. She was safe, she knew. He was making her safe.

Nonchalantly he turned and dropped the head into the open grave. Natasha let out another pair of quick sobs before wiping the tears away with the back of her hand. Then she stepped up to him, stopping at the edge of the grave and peering into it. The head had landed face down on a bloody wad of fabric that looked like a pair of jeans. Beside it was a bare foot that was pointed sole up. There seemed to be a bloody mound in the middle of the grave. Heaped on top were what Natasha recognized as both sets of intestines, and on top of that was an arm that looked as if it had been torn off at the elbow joint. The rest of the grave bottom was covered with bits of various organs, chunks of unrecognizable meat, shards of bone and pools of blood that were already attracting a small cluster of buzzing and zipping flies.

After a minute she looked away from the grave and to him to see that his unreadable yellow eyes with their black rectangular pupils were fixed on her. His face seemed to harbor deep concern, even regret. It occurred to her in that moment that this had been something that she had really not been meant to see. He had wanted her to come and find the grave, occupied but filled in, just as it had been with Baby's grave.

"He was a very bad man," she finally said, after what seemed to be several minutes had passed.

Keeping his eyes locked on her he gave her that half-nod response.

"I'm glad he's dead," she went on. "And it's okay that I saw him. I know I'll never have to see him again, and that he can never hurt anyone else ever again."

He raised his head only to lower it back down again.

A feeling of giddiness seemed to crisscross her chest. She let out a little laugh, smiling slightly. "I wish I saw you do it," it came out in a half-giggle.

This time he raised his head, but did not lower in down in a nod. Instead his eyes locked on hers and remained fixed.

"Thank you."

His face looking grim he gave a half-nod.

Natasha then closed the small space between them and threw her arms around him, vainly trying to touch her hands together as she embraced his broad chest. She lowered her head and rested her cheek on the warm and muscle tight skin below his breast. "I love you," she whispered. Warmth, her own warmth from within, seemed to radiate through her body as he

gently embraced her, first his arms going around her, followed by his tail, and then finally his wings. Smiling against his flesh she closed her eyes and took a deep breath, drawing in his scent of sulfur and heady musk.

When she opened her eyes again Natasha found herself lying in her bed, staring up at the darkened ceiling of her bedroom. Other than the light of the moon from outside the only other glow in her room came from Darrel's old boom box stereo, Iron Maiden's *'Aces High'* coming from the speakers in a whisper. She couldn't remember what had happened after she had closed her eyes. She wasn't sure if he had brought her home, or if she had walked there of her own accord.

Natasha shifted slightly and reached down to unbutton, and then unzip, her jeans. She reached inside, running her hand under the waistband of her panties. She was moist, but it was only the normal moistness that was there combined with a little sweat. He had done nothing with her. This she knew because she felt tight down there, and her insides and thighs were not a mess of the sticky goo that it seemed he could ejaculate endlessly into her.

He had made her go to sleep and then took her home, she was sure. *But why?*

Maybe he thought she had had enough, seeing Wade's dismembered body.

And of course that had to be it. He cared for her. He took care of her and protected her. He loved her.

Lots of people said that the human mind could only take so much. *Did he think that being with him would be too much after seeing Wade dead?*

Probably, and he was probably right.

*I wish I saw you do it.*

Her own words played over and over again in her head, and it was true, she wished she had seen it happen.

*He killed for you*, she heard her own voice say in her head. *You do know what that means, don't you?*

In the darkness she could feel a faint smile touch the corners of her mouth.

Of course she knew what it meant.

He loved her. He loved her as much as she loved him.

They were kindred spirits. They were lovers. They were in love.

*He's going to make me just like he is someday*, she thought to herself as she closed her eyes. *He's going to make me just like he is and we'll be together forever*.

And then there was a little part of her that was hoping not too soon. Her heart seemed to swell with a heavy and blood laden thud.

No, Barry would need to get his before that could happen.



Natasha parted the fronds of the palmettos at the end of the path and then made her way down it and toward the cemetery. Reaching the end of the path she paused to look at Baby's

grave. There was a fresh wreath of wild flowers sitting on top of it. Up beside the headstone was a small planter in the shape of a little lamb filled with baby's breath and several small flowers. It made her heart swell, knowing that he had found that somewhere in his travels and had decided to put it on Baby's grave. A large smile on her face she looked out across the cemetery.

He was standing still and waiting for her to come to him. She took a breath, feeling fluttering tingles in her tail and clit. The fabric of her shirt rubbed across her bare nipples, and that combined with the anticipation that had been building since he had stood outside her window several nights before, displaying the shovel for the second time, was enough to get her cream flowing again.

She gave Baby's grave a final glance before walking on. Her path was set, a spot she had sought out and found. He stood with his arms across his chest, waiting for her. Beyond him lay an open grave with a still freshly turned mound of earth beside it. Of course Natasha knew that was there, because she had put it there. There was one new thing though. A tombstone had been placed at the head of the grave. A smile stretched across her face as she looked past him to read what he had written on this new stone.

He stood, looking regal and stoic with his arms across his chest as she reached the grave and peered inside. Almost as she had suspected, it was empty. The only things she could see at the bottom were broad smiles in the earth where she had stuck the ground with the shovel but did not dig any deeper, and impressions that her shoes had left.

Natasha knew that he did not want her to see him kill, and she felt certain that she would have to beg him to let her see Barry's final moments. It had burned with her in the back of her mind. She knew that Barry would die like a coward. She wanted to see it. To watch him beg for his life. To watch him scream and cry.

She pushed the thought out of her mind as she looked back over to him. He had unfurled his wings and stretched them as far as they would go. His tail rose from behind him, pointing upward like some barbed and dangerous exclamation point. She let her eyes travel down, taking in the beautiful sight of his enormous cock as it slowly began to rise. Filling the grave was not on his mind at the moment, just as it was not her most overwhelming need.

*Though, perhaps later*, she thought in the back of her mind.

"You want me, lover?" she bubbled, her tone somewhere between airhead giddy and passionately sultry.

His unwavering yellow and animal eyes remained locked dead on her as he made his usual partial nod.

It was all the answer she needed, and she knew that he knew it. For months she had asked the question, although worded slightly differently each time. Each time he responded with a nod, and with that nod the smell of animal musk always increased intoxicatingly, drawing her closer, urging her to go to him faster.

Natasha kept her eyes locked on him as she shrugged and worked to get her jacket off her shoulders. She tossed it aside and it landed at the edge of the tombstone of another nearby grave. Then she stepped closer, looking up into his face before she slid her hands to her waist and dipped down to remove her shorts. Once she stepped her feet out of them she had sunk to her knees before him dressed only in Darrel's old t-shirt, reaching up and gently taking the end of his still hardening cock in each hand. She applied a little pressure as she moved her hands and tugged toward the base of his shaft. Her eyes widened, as they always did, still fascinated by the way the Y-shaped slit at the end parted to reveal a glistening head. Stings of milky precum quickly grew from the dark and exposed head, one long strand touching the bend of her right arm. Taking a breath Natasha stuck out her tongue and licked into the loose skin surrounding his cockhead. He snorted and growled slightly as she cooed, slowly licking away the thick substance that tasted somehow of cinnamon and Darrel's favorite pepper sauce at the same time.

She licked and swirled her tongue around the head, listening to him breathe a little heavier before driving the tip of her tongue into the slit on the head before licking further up and tracing the crown. Closing her eyes she opened her mouth and worked it over his hard knob. He shifted slightly, moving his weight from one foot to the other, his body growing tense. Natasha pushed a breath out her nose and she pushed her head up his length, sucking down a couple of inches before moving back down to just the head.

With a grunt he reached down and gently pushed at her shoulders, urging her to back away. She took her mouth off of him and looked up to his face from where she knelt. Natasha giggled and smiled, then reached up and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She looked again to the long and hard red cock in front of her to see a pearly string of sperm ooze out. Once it had stretched to the length of nearly five inches she placed her hand beneath it, palm up, then pushed her hand up to collect his seed. Looking back up to him she let out another slight giggle, then raised her hand to her mouth and licked his thick sperm off her palm.

He stamped his foot and snorted. Then he raised his hand out, pointing with his index finger and moving it in a slight circle.

Natasha understood. He wanted her to get down on her hands and knees. She turned and walked on her knees slightly until she was facing away from what would be Barry's grave. Putting her palms on her ground she braced herself, too aroused to be disappointed that he still was not ready to fuck her face to face yet. A cool gust picked up, making her bellybutton piercing turn freezing cold and sending a chill from the base of her spine to the nape of her neck. She shivered, her nipples, clit and tail suddenly aching with a more intense need to be teased and touched.

She could hear him lowering himself to the ground behind her. Then she hissed and shivered as she felt his hot breath on her upraised ass. The wet tip of his tongue went up and down the valley of her ass crack. Then it probed and teased at her engorged pussy lips as she let out a low moan, feeling her warm cream dribble between her nether lips. His long and tapered tongue quickly lapped up every bit. Then it bumped her clit, and the shock was almost enough to make her legs buckle. She looked back to him with a pout on her lips. His tongue continued to snake further out of his mouth as he knelt over her. It tickled at her abdomen and around her belly button, before trailing up to her breasts. He slowly wrapped it around her left tit as his tongue continued to stretch, the tip going to her right nipple and lashing it. Natasha let out a loud gasp as the tip of his tongue lashed out at and stung her sensitive nipple again.

Then he drew it back and she moaned as its spit covered top licked back down her chest and her belly. Natasha's elbows went stiff as he played the tip of his tongue back up and down her pussy lips. He slowly let it part them, and he snaked it deep inside, further than anyone else's cock had ever been with the exception of his own. A few thrusts of his well lubricated tongue were enough to bring her off. Her legs tensed and shook as she cried out, her cum coating his tongue as he instantly sucked it along the muscular appendage and swallowed it down.

"Ia!" Natasha cried out as sweat broke on her upper lip. "Ia! Lodi! Ia! Lodi! Mmmmm-."

He pulled his tongue out slowly, first letting the tip trail back up to the base of her hole before it dipped into her anal cleft to tickle and tease her tight bud. He then licked the rest of the trail between her twin moons before tagging her little tail and the small of her back with the wet tip of his tongue.

"Lodi, Lodi," she whispered in a gasp.

The heat seemed to rise as he moved his body closer to her. Through slitted eyes she watched as a wing spread out beside her on each side of her body in a partial shield from the wind. A flutter went through her stomach and she felt her pussy leaking and dribbling cream as his tail slowly and lightly began to wrap itself around her abdomen. Natasha held herself on one hand as she reached back with the other to feel and rub his hot and muscular tail. At the base of her spine her own little tail felt as if it was burning hot and aching to be touched.

He shifted again, moving closer behind her on his knees. Natasha felt over his tail, and then up her body, squeezing her palm against her own pert little breast and nipple as her back and ass grew hotter as his body grew closer. She started to sweat and it dripped from beneath her hairline and pooled in the small of her back. She pulled her bottom lip under her upper teeth as he touched the head of his cock to her wet and swollen pussy lips.

"Nnnnnuh- Ia!" she cried as he pushed the head in with a grunt.

Natasha quickly put her other hand back on the ground to brace herself. His tail tightened around her abdomen, and then he put each of his huge hands on her shoulders, pulling firmly but gently back. The muscles in her legs tensed as she mentally tried to force them to

relax. As his knees touched her calves her leg muscles tensed even further despite the fact she was willing them to relax. With a growl he held her tighter and plunged further into her.

"Aaaaaahh," she cried. Pleasure and pain mixed to create ecstasy. Her insides quivered as her muscles threatened to collapse. "Mmmmmaaah," she sobbed as she felt her pussy weep around his burning hot cock. Her eyes crossing she worked to move her hips back and forth slightly, encouraging him to bury the rest of his length inside her.

With a snort he let out a growl, his tail tightening its grip around her. He rocked his own waist back and forth for a moment before he plunged in with a hard and violent thrust that nearly made Natasha fall off her hands. She cried out again as he let out a loud snort and groan, the hot sack containing his monstrous balls now resting between her inner thighs.

"Fffttt-Ah! Fffttt-Ah," she gasped, willing her insides to accept his deep invasion. It always took a moment for it to feel as if it belonged, his hard organ that brought pain and ecstasy. "Mmmmmm-, mmmmmmm." Tears squeezed from her eyes. Then she shivered as she felt her sweat pouring down her sides and pooling in the bends of her knees. Her t-shirt, the only piece of clothing she was still wearing, quickly became plastered to her back. With a groan she tightened her interior muscles around him as much and as hard as she could. This caused him to snort louder and let out a long and animalistic groan.

Natasha squeezed his cock inside her pussy again, and again he made a series of guttural animal sounds. "It's okay," she panted. "It's feels so good. So good." She tensed her legs and rocked back, feeling her tail touch his waist and his fleshy scrotum clinging to her bare inner thighs. "Fuck me," she hissed. "Fuck me. Fuck me. Umm, Ia! Lodi, fuck me."

His hands and tail gripped her more tightly. It felt as if every bit of moisture was rolling out of her body as he thrust and bucked into her, harder and harder. His long, thick and glorious cock felt almost as if it was being pounded against her heart with each thrust. She cried out, sometimes calling out to him incoherently, unsure if she were using the demon words or fuck words, or even if she was speaking anything that made any sense at all. He continued to snort and growl, hot drops of sweat that nearly felt as if they were turning to steam as they rained onto her back, as he continued to pump his impossibly large organ into her.

Natasha felt her little nub of a tail turning red hot, partly from her own internal heat, and partly from his body grinding against her. She lowered her head down on the cool and dry grass as he plowed into her even deeper. When she raised it again slightly she saw her hair hanging in front of her eyes in damp disarray. His cock snaking deep into her insides only made her need for him grow. She used all of her strength to mash her ass against him and grind.

"Ia!" she panted shakily. Then louder and with more resolve she cried, "Ia! Ia! Lodi fhtagn! Baphomet fhtagn!"

With a harsh growl he picked up his pace. Natasha's insides felt as if they were being rearranged with each thrust, all of her insides shifting to accommodate his cock. Tensing, he threw his head back and groaned out. He was getting close, and that was enough to help bring Natasha nearer to her own climax.

"Ah!" she cried. "Gu-Lodi! Lodi fhtagn! Lodi fhtagn!"

Natasha felt a tug in the pit of her stomach that was something other than the feel of his cock making it move slightly back and forth with each deep thrust. Her tail tingled and burned against him. Her nipples continued to swell and tighten as her little titties jiggled. Then her clit became a pulsing beacon of electricity below his thick and gliding manhood.

He let out a groan. The smell of his heady and animalistic musk seemed to intensify, as well as the smell of sulfur and the harsh and peppery smell of his sweat. Heat bloomed through the skin of his scrotum as he picked up his pace.

Natasha panted as she pushed herself back up on her palms and tried to meet his thrusts with more force as she ground back against his body. Her clit began to pulse with a steady beat that grew stronger and stronger with each thrust. Within a few moments of her panting and grinding along with him that pulse had traveled to her tail and her nipples, until all of her most sweet and sensitive spots beat with need in unison.

He gave another growl, this one more strained, a wordless testament that he was forcing himself to hold back. "Lodi fhtagn," Natasha panted, unable to hold back any longer. "Lodi fhtagn! Naaaaahhaaa!"

A harsh jolt shot through her body, an electric tingle seemed to go from her tail and her clit at the same time to meet somewhere in the middle and explode back through her pussy as she cried out again, a torrent of hot liquid gushing around his cock. The painful but numbing sensation went through her tail and clit again, this time joined by her nipples as sloppy girl cum jetted around his cock and soaked his balls.

"Yeah," she gasped. "YEAH!" Her pussy squeezed him again as she gushed on his cock and balls.

His hands gripped her shoulders tighter and his tail constricted around her abdomen in a death grip as his muscles tensed. Natasha could feel it as he threw his head back, arching his back as he strained to pound her just a little bit harder and faster. When a demonic howl she could feel beginning in the pit of his abdomen tore from his mouth she jerked and screamed out as she came again, bearing down harder on his cock as her insides worked to soak it even more.

"Lodi fhtagn!" she cried as her orgasm intensified and she felt the quick swelling of his cock inside her. "LODI FHTAGN! LOD-IA! AH! UH! AH! AHHHHHH!"

With a growl and a final hard thrust he erupted, burning hot seed filling and warming her insides. Natasha hung her head, feeling another orgasmic jolt go through her as his second burst jetted into her, filling her so quickly there was nowhere else for it to go so it dripped and dribbled out of her pussy lips and from around his cock. He growled long and loud as he emptied another burst that was just as quickly running out of her pussy and down her inner thighs, a hot and slimy white stickiness that was quickly sliding to her knees.

She cried out loudly as he ripped his cock from her, her legs quivering as she forced herself to stay on her knees. As another burning hot and sticky load splashed her back and buttocks she moaned and cooed. Natasha let out a hard breath as another burst of sticky seed splashed her neck and cheek, soaking the edge of her hair as the rest jetted past her eye and splattered loudly against a tombstone two rows further up the path.

He quickly rose to his feet, and cool air rushed over Natasha as he raised his wings and beat them behind her. He moaned and bellowed out in ecstasy as several heavy and sticky spurts of his demonic come splattered her ass and the back of her legs. She went down to the grass, rolling slightly and drawing her knees to her chest. Another orgasm rocked her body, sweet pain bursting through her clit, nipples and tail.

"Ia! Ia!" she gasped as she rolled and he milked the last of his sperm onto her writing body, slickening her skin and soaking into her hand-me-down shirt. "Ia! Lodi fhtagn! Baphomet fhtagn!" She slipped a hand down and slightly parted her legs as she rolled, guiding her finger to her clit so she could have one last orgasm before he could recuperate and fuck her again. "Ia! Ia! Cthulhu fhtagn! Fhtagn, fhtagn. Oh, FUCK!." she cried as her body shook and electricity shot from her tail and jolted her clit and nipples as she came once again.

-17-

They had fucked and she had dosed. They had fucked and she had dosed again. They had fucked a fourth time as the sun had passed its noon zenith and Natasha had fallen into a deep sleep.

She floated, glided, flying over a river of burning souls and belching volcanoes. Turning her head she saw a lone figure scrambling up a narrow path gouged in the side of a cliff and toward a small ledge.

*Barry*, she knew, as a twisted smile etched itself across her lips.

She twisted with a hot updraft and rode it to glide right to the edge of the ledge before Barry could even get to it to see if there was a way to get back down on the other side. He stepped back, trying to look as if he were straightening himself despite the fact that he was shrinking away from her. Natasha wondered what was going through his mind. She wondered if her nakedness made his little cock stir as she stood before him, wings stretched. She quickly beat her tail from one side to the next, like a cat showing displeasure.

"I'm a real Tail Girl now," she growled.

She didn't give Barry a chance to respond. With almost little though she swung her tail over her shoulder. Heat bloomed in her exposed pussy as the sharp tip tore through Barry's shirt and skin, tearing through muscle and bone to pierce his heart and then go through those same layers in reverse order as the bloodied tip burst from under his shoulder blade. He coughed, blood running down the corners of his mouth, his skin beginning to pale as he sagged slightly, blood quickly soaking the front of his shirt.

With a growl she had jerked her tail back out of him, a chunky bit of flesh clinging to it. With a louder growl she plunged it into his abdomen before he could begin to sink to his knees, making her tail yank up and then jerking it back and pulling it and loops of his snaking intestines out through a new bloody hole in his shirt.

As he had sunk to the ground, collapsing on his knees, Natasha had felt her nipples stone hard against the burning air and her clit throbbing with orgasmic release. She closed her eyes,

licking her lips as she savored the feel of his still warm guts on her tail. Then she jerked her tail back, splitting the intestines to unleash a foul and putrid smell from within them, stepping away as Barry fell face first against the rock of the ledge.

She slowly drew her blood and gore dripping tail to her face. Then she let a long, snaking and tapered, tongue out of her mouth and began to lick it clean. As she tasted the metallic tartness of his blood and the rawness of flesh she knew there was more, so many more. Kenny, Bobby, all those people who bullied her at school, the doctor who had smiled as she had produced the money he wanted to help murder her baby, *so many bad people*.

-18-

Natasha jerked awake from the dream to find herself lying on the grass between the rows of headstones. She rolled over and raised herself on her hands to see him standing and looking toward the grave she had made for him to fill, the one reserved for Barry. In the distance the sun was just about to touch the horizon.

"Are you going to go get him now?" she asked.

Without turning to look at her he had given her his usual half-nod.

Natasha shifted her weight and then rose on her knees in the cool grass. Her body ached inside and out, and her skin and hair felt stiff and sticky with his dried seed. "I want to come too."

He still did not look to her, but instead did something new. He slowly moved his head from one side to another. He was shaking his head no.

"Please."

He turned to face her, his yellow eyes with their rectangular pupils seeming to fix right on her. Again he moved his head from side to side, and then raised his arm out stiffly, a taloned finger pointing in the direction of the house.

"I can take it," she said. "Are you afraid I can't?"

To this he gave a little half-nod.

She shifted her weight from knee to knee, then she pushed herself up without using her hands. "I want to. I want to do everything you do. I love you."

He didn't respond, just merely stood and gazed at her.

"But I want to be with you," she told him. "I want to go with you-, go home to live with you. I want you to make me just like you."

He gave a nod. Then he moved his head from one side to the other.

"What are you afraid of?"

He stood gazing at her.

"Is it because a person like me-, a human, can't live there?"

Again he remained standing still, his arm still out and finger still pointing in the direction of the house.

"Is it because people have to suffer when they go to Hell?"

He blinked his eyes, the first time she could ever remember seeing them close. Then he gave a half-nod.

"I'm not afraid of that," she told him. Suddenly her heart was pounding hard, a beat that seemed to blur her vision as she looked at him. "I would rather suffer forever than not be with you."

He lowered his arm slightly, then tensed it, pointing in the direction of home.

Natasha took a breath, then shifted her weight so she could space her feet further apart. She felt her belly, her fingers brushing the little faux jewel above her navel. Then she ran her fingers through her matted and semen slimed pubic hair. "You've already had my body so many times. Don't you want to have my soul too?"

As soon as she said it the intense yellow of his eyes seemed to grow brighter. He flicked his wrist, and a poof of yellow and black smoke formed around it. As it quickly dissipated Natasha saw that he was no longer pointing back in the direction of the house, but instead he was holding a loop of metal. At a glance it looked thin, but it was about three inches wide, a large and ancient lock dangling where the loop opened slightly.

Then Natasha realized that she had seen it before. The first time she had dreamed of flying she had seen him with it, holding it out and beaconing to her. Her eyes widened as he turned it slightly. There was a hinge in the center, and he pulled it open to widen the gap between the halves. As he stepped closer Natasha realized that the object was a collar.

She closed her eyes and drew in a deep breath as she felt him slip the collar around her neck. The metal seemed to move like a living thing, adjusting itself, and as it wrapped itself around her neck she coughed and gagged slightly. Despite the coolness in the air the metal felt burning hot, as if it had just been pulled from the forge. Natasha struggled for breath slightly as he clicked the halves shut, then worked and closed the lock. When he let go she had to struggle to keep on her feet, because despite its thin appearance the collar felt as if it weighed several pounds.

Bracing herself on her legs Natasha opened her eyes to look into his face. He let out a snort, his jaw twitching. Then he slipped his taloned fingers under the neck of her shirt and began to pull. Between his inhuman strength and the sharpness of his claws it only took seconds to shred the front of her shirt. Natasha shivered as a cool breeze blew between them. Then she rolled her shoulders and worked to make the remains of Darrel's old Slayer t-shirt drop down until it slipped to her wrists and fell to the ground, slightly brushing her calves as it rested against her heels in the grass.

Her eyes widened as he flicked his wrist again, causing another puff of yellow and black smoke to appear. This time he was holding a length of thin black chain in his hand. At one end the chain branched off into what looked like several more lengths of chain. He reached along one and raised it up to reveal that there was a barbed hook at the end.

Natasha was frozen and unable to move, although there was something within her that told her that even if she could she would not try. He reached out and pressed the knuckles on the

hand holding the hook at the end of the chain against her left breast. She shivered and took a shaky breath. "Please," was all that she found that she could say in a tiny little voice.

The pain was an intense and searing jab, cut and rip all in one. The barbed end of the hook punched through the sensitive skin of her nipple, and then his arm jerked and it burst through the top of her nipple. Natasha shivered and moaned in sweet ecstasy as he repeated the process on her right nipple. When he had stooped down and ran a third barbed hook through her clit she had struggled not to throw up or pass out as she forced herself to stand before him, the tremendous weight of the collar seeming to be there to push her to her knees.

After a moment she looked down to see that the three chains made a loose pyramid from the places they had been hooked to the place where they were joined to the other chain he held. Gasping slightly she cried out as blood trickled and trailed from her nipples and down her abdomen. On one foot she could feel the drip, drip of blood coming from her clit.

He reached out to her with his other hand, pointing one finger straight out. Tensing her legs Natasha cried out as he etched words into her chest above her breasts. He dug his talon into her harder and deeper than he had when he had marked her arms. When he was done she looked down through teary eyes at the new wounds oozing blood down her breasts.

He then took the other end of the chain in hand and Natasha watched as it suddenly became longer. He looked to her and she saw concern and sympathy in his eyes. Then he gave a soft growl and slightly pulled the chain, making the hooks jerk against her most sensitive parts. Her tail burned and ached to be touched as he used the chain to lead her back toward the front of the cemetery. He walked her nearly to the path, and then behind Baby's grave where he urged her to get onto her knees. Natasha's eyes widened as the chain in his hands seemed to grow even longer. He looped it tightly around her wrists, then the stepped behind her and looped it around the trunk of a nearby pine tree.

Ignoring the pain in her nipples and clit she had looked back up to him as he stepped closer to her. His long and flaccid cock was hanging in her face, and despite the new sensations of intense pain and oozing blood on her naked body she found that she wanted him to shove her to the ground and take her again. She looked up his broad and muscular chest, and then into his face and his eyes. "I love you."

He looked down to her, something almost like a smile touching his lips. He unfurled his wings and flapped them hard. Natasha closed her eyes as she felt burning heat on her face. When she could open them again she saw him squat slightly. Then he leapt into the air. He

circled over her, high above the trees and letting out a demonic screech. Then he turned and flew off to become a small dot in the sky, moving in the direction of town.

Natasha let out a sob as a smile touched her lips. He was going to get Barry. They were going to bury Barry, and then he was going to take her away. He was going to make her like him and they were going to be together forever. She shivered as a chill went down her spine and her tail throbbed.

Left alone to wait she found her eyes drawn to the headstone that had he had placed to mark Baby's grave. For the first time she read the name of the stone's original owner, surprised after doing the math in her head to realize that it had at one time marked an adult's grave instead of the grave of another child.

**LAMBERT ARGENTO**
**1866–1933**

She wondered who he was. *Who had he been? Was he a good person?*

Natasha was sure that he must have been. That was why he had chosen the stone to mark Baby's grave.

She looked at the little lamb planter next to the stone and smiled. *He cares so much.*

Then Natasha shifted on her knees to face the tree. She moved her weight from one knee to the other, then she leaned back. The hooks jerked taut and she cried out from a pain induced orgasm feeling like it was shooting from her clit and nipples and through the chains to come right back and through those spots again and down to her tail.

Once her orgasm subsided she knee walked around to face Baby's grave again. She took a breath and appreciated the weight of the collar around her neck and the feel of the metal tightly looped around her neck. She shifted again from knee to knee, feeling the chain rubbing between her pussy lips.

She couldn't wait for him to get back. She couldn't wait for him to take her away.

He loved her. They were kindred spirits. They were going to be together forever and that was all that mattered.



The sun sank to a sliver on the horizon beyond the graves and the air became cooler. The hooks in her nipples and clit felt as if they were freezing, but the pain was worth it. They were devoted to each other. His love was worth the pain, and to be without him would be a pain worse than anything else she could feel.

Dusk turned into dark quickly, and the October chill seemed to increase with every passing minute. Natasha drew herself into a ball as much as she could, the hooks biting into her

sensitive bits of flesh as she shivered in her nakedness. She bore it, still smiling, and knowing that soon he would be back to take her to a place where she would never be cold again.

The stars came out, slowly as the sky went from deep purple to black. The moon was a big circle in the sky. Sometimes Natasha thought she saw places in the sky that looked like black fire licking around cracks of orange, yellow and red. Occasionally the sound of the wind would stop and she thought she could hear the sound of branches snapping above her and the beating of heavy wings. She looked up into the trees a couple of times and thought she saw several sets of glowing yellow eyes looking down at her, but after a few moments they seemed to close and vanish.

Once she thought she heard the sound of a distant scream. That made her smile widely. She laughed and rocked on her knees, causing the hooks to bite hard into her nipples. Barry was finally getting his!

-20-

Sometime well after midnight a loud and demonic screech echoed into the darkness. Natasha rocked on her knees, shivering, her lips quivering as she looked out at the shadowy tombstones of the Old Lithia Cemetery on the near horizon.

For the first time doubt entered her mind.

*Were they really kindred spirits?*

*Did he really love her?*

*Had he really come to keep her safe and protect her?*

THE END

# ABOUT THE STORY

*Demoni* owes its name to an Italian horror film, the Dario Argento produced and Lamberto Bava directed cult classic *Dèmoni (Demons)* 1985. The names of several characters are homages to members of the film's cast and production crew. The main character, Natasha Only, owes her name to Misfits bassist and lead singer Jerry Only. The songs of Glenn Danzig (The Misfits, Danzig) also appear in the story. The word Lodi is Idol spelled backward, an homage to Billy Idol whose song *'White Wedding'* appeared on the *Dèmoni* soundtrack and is listened to in the story. Lodi, New Jersey is also the hometown of Glenn Danzig and Jerry Only. The line "Ia! Ia! Cthulhu fhtagn!", from H.P. Lovecraft's *The Call Of Cthulhu* is used and recycled various times in the story as what Natasha believes are "demon" or "fuck words".

The story stemmed from the idea that quite often while we think the special people in our lives love us and understand everything that we say though this is not always the case. Especially when we're young, dumb and full of cum, we read more into relationships that are more intensely sexual than anything else. You talk to that person you believe is the love of your life, and they smile and nod, and you believe they understand you and feel exactly the way you do about everything. They do special things and give gifts that seem to show you that they indeed care for you more than anything, when at times the mind is merely suggesting there's more meaning and emotion behind these presents. Then near the end are those first hints that maybe your lover really doesn't want all the things that you do, nor do they always have your best interest at heart. Still you deny and soldier on, sometimes not seeing until the other shoe finally drops that you've been in a one way relationship.

Keep your chin up if you've ever been there. Life eventually gets better, and as it does comes experience.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Michael C. Laney lives in Davenport, Florida with his wife Betsy and his son Quentin. His older son, Alex, attends school out of state. He is the author of the erotic novels *Heather's Journey: The Sound Of her MASTER'S VOICE* and *A Day In The Life Of Abagail King*, as well as several short stories and poems in a range of genres. He is currently working on his first horror novel for publication, *The Creeper*, as well as the second novel in the Heather's Journey Trilogy, *Heather's Journey: The Manual Of Discipline*.

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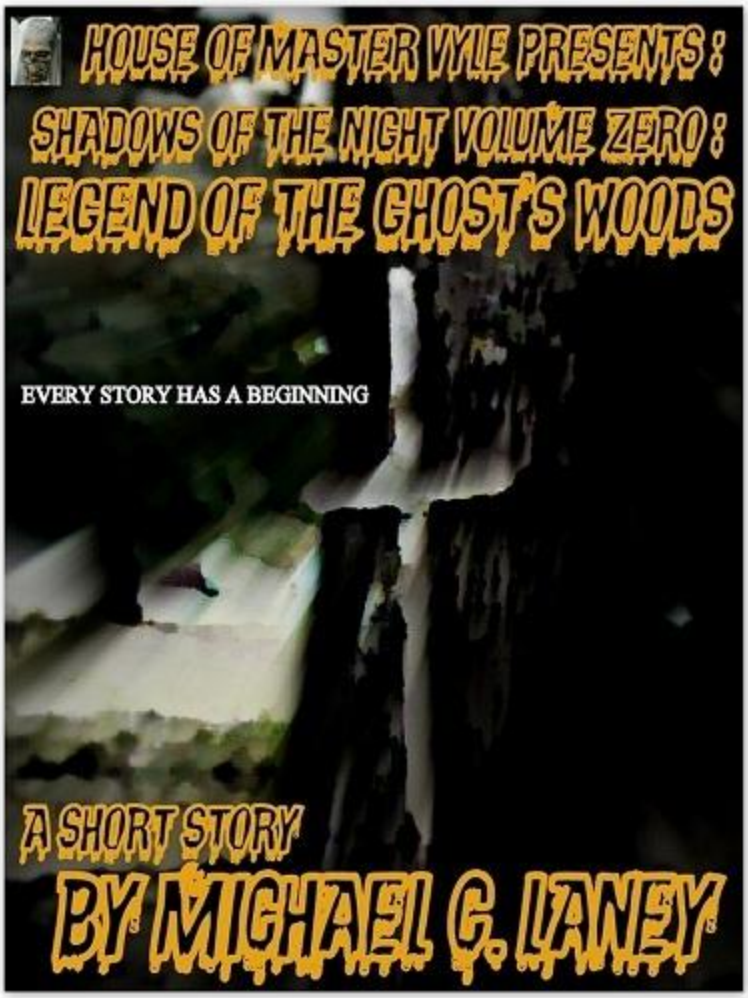
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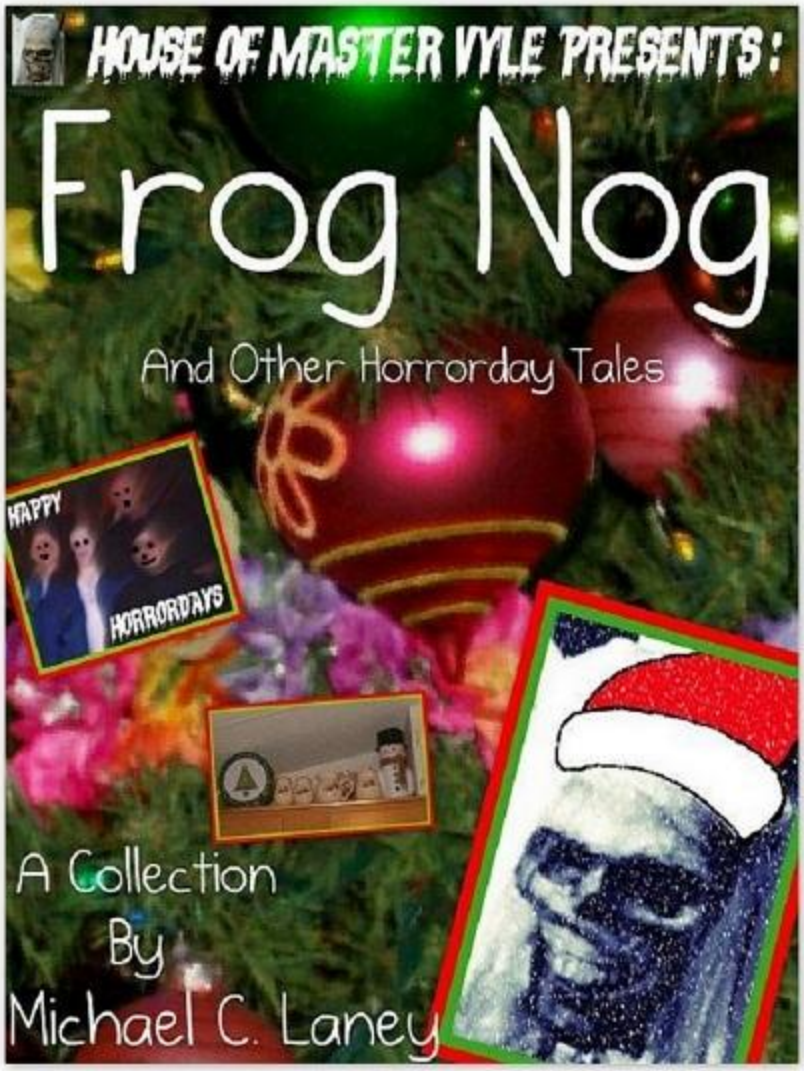


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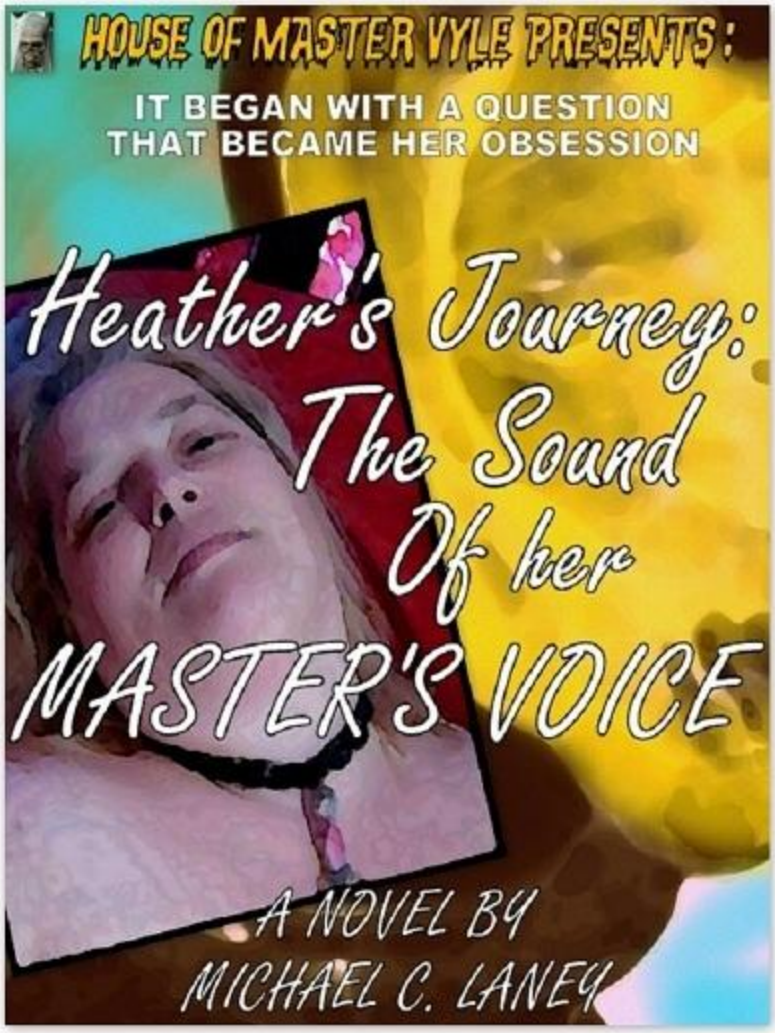


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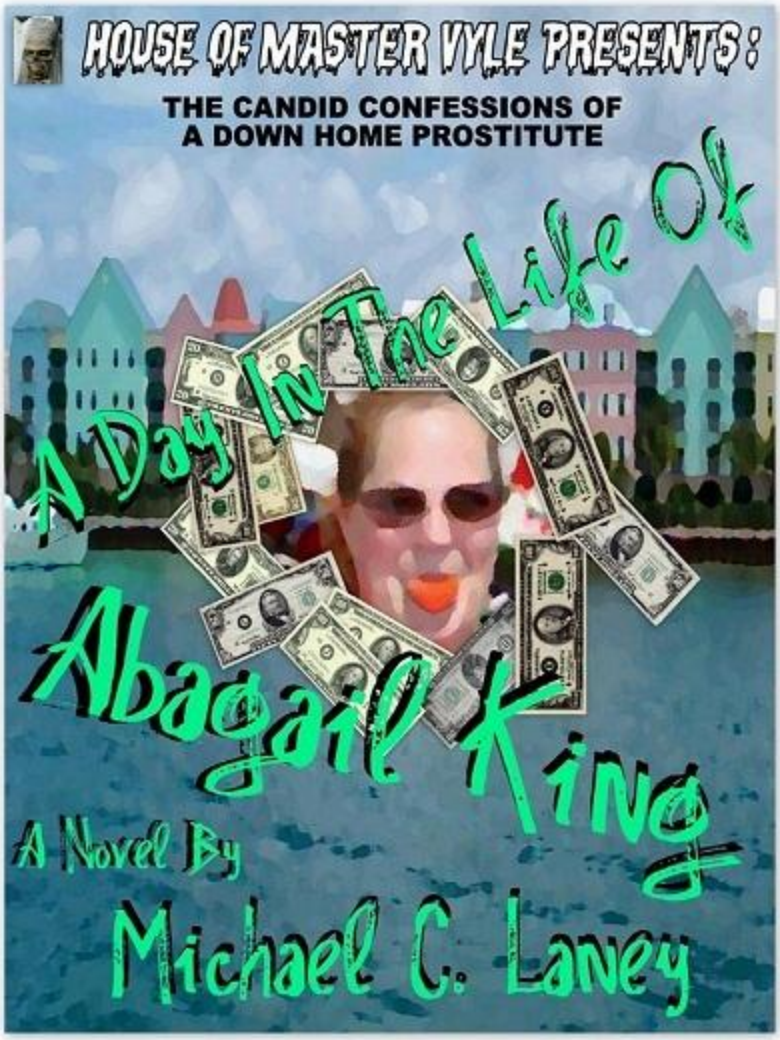


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